Anglorum Lacrimæ:

In a ſad paſſion complayning the death of
our late Soueraigne Lady Queene
ELIZABETH:

Yet comforted againe by the vertuous hopes
of our moſt Royall and Renowned
King IAMES: whoſe Maieſtie
God long continue.

Imprinted at London for T. Pauier, and are
to be ſolde at the ſigne of the Catte and
Parrets neare the Exchange.
1603.

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King [illegible] whoſe Maieſtie
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MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

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Parrets neere the Exchange.
1603.

To the right Honorable *ROBERT LEE*, Lord Maior of the Honorable Citie of London, and to the right *Worſhipfull the Knights and Aldermen* of the ſame: health and happineſſe long to continue.

Right Honorable, and worſhipfull of this Cittie, being ouerpreſſed with the heauie burthen of Sorrow, and almoſt ouercome with griefe, for the loſſe of our late deceaſed Queene*; whom both you, and all others, ſuſtaines a part: I am in dutie bound (in the behalfe of many thouſandes) to giue a ſad farewell to her Excellencie; the onely and laſt ſeruice that a Subiectes true hart can beſtow. Vouchſafe therefore (Right Honorable and Worſhipfull) as a memoriall of your late loue to her* Maieſtie, *to Patronize theſe tearefull Lines: and then no doubt, but* Anglorum Lacrimæ *will be comforted with* Anglorum Gaudia, *being guyded by the vertues of our gracious* King: *vnder whoſe Royall gouernment, all England is made happie, and a golden time is brought vnto our Countrey.*

Yours in all duetie to be commaunded,
a poore Freeman of this Cittie,
Richard Iohnſon.

To the right Honorable ROBERT LEE, Lord Maior of the Honorable Citie of London, and to the right *Worſhipfull the Knights and Aldermen* of the ſame: health and happineſſe long to continue.

Right Honorable, and worſhipfull of this Citie, being ouerpreſſed with the heauie burthen of Sorrowes, and almoſt ouercome with griefe, for the loſſe of our late deceaſed Queene: whom both you, and all others ſuſtaines a part: I am in dutie bound (in the behalfe of many thouſands) to giue a ſad farewell to her Excellencies the onely and laſt ſeruice that a Subiectes true heart can beſtow. Vouchſafe therefore (Right Honorable and Worſhipfull) as a memoriall of your late loue to her Maieſtie, to Patronize theſe ſorrowfull Lines: and then no doubt, but Anglorum Lacrimæ *will be conioyned with* Anglorum Gaudia, *being guided by the vertues of our gracious King: vnder whoſe Royall gouernment, all* England *is made happie, and a golden time is brought vnto our Countrey.*

Yours in all dutie to be commanded,
a poore Freeman of this Citie,
Richard Iohnſon.

Anglorum Lacrimæ.

O Sacred *QVEENE*, ſith now thy life is ſpent,
And that our liues, out-liues the life of thee:
Pale ſorowes kingdome ſhal our harts frequent
Teares & true paſſions ſhal our mourners bee:
For *England* now more ſorrowes doth con-
Then there is wealth in all the Ocian maine. (taine,

Oh now what dolefull Ditties ſhall we make?
What mournefull Songes of ſorrow ſhall we ſing?
What comfort or ſweete pleaſure can we take,
When Death hath broke *ELIZAES* vitall ſtring?
Breake hartes with griefe, and let each lyuing ſoule,
Exchange earthes ioyes, for euerlaſting dole.

Oh wherefore doth not *Phœbus* looſe his light,
And fall from Heauen, vpon the Earth to mourne?
Why is not dayes fayre brightnes changde to night?
And ioyes to griefe: all loues to hatred turne?
For Beauties ſoueraigne, and true Vertues Queene,
May now with mortall eyes no more be ſeene.

With bleeding teares come waſh all ioyes away,
That diſcontent vpon our browes may ſhine:
The Deſtenies haue wrought her liues decay,
Whom Europe held moſt Celeſtiall and Deuine:
Oh England then bewayle this ſmall croſſe,
For neuer had Engliſh-men a greater loſſe.

Our eyes ſhall bath her Tombe with ſhewers of teares:
Our moanes ſhall make the ſtones to weepe for pittie:
All thoſe which this ſadde waylefull murmure heares,
Shall ring Griefes eccho in each Engliſh Cittie.
No Kingdome like to this hath euer mournd,
For her whoſe fleſh the Fates to duſt haue turnd.

All you that liu'd in her Princely Court,
Come turne your pleaſant Songes to dolefull Cryes:
With tragicke Teares conuert your Comicke ſport,
And let your Cheekes be ſmear'd with weeping Eyes.
For ſhee too ſoone hath bid the world adue:
Thus by her loſſe, we are compeld to rue.

How

How can we chooſe but fall into a ſwound,
When we remember this ſweete *Princes* fall:
Let our true ſorrowes make her death renound,
And with hartes griefe grace out her Funerall.
Exclayming ſtill with euerlaſting cryes,
Vertue growes ſickly, and true Honour dyes.

As Nobles mourne, ſo doth the Plough-man weepe;
As Courtiers grieue, ſo doth the Country grone:
Let all eſtates in ſorrowes manſion keepe,
A ſadder time was neuer in *England* knowne.
what is he that can vouchſafe a ſmile,
Hauing loſt *Englands* Monarch of this Ile.

Weepe now oh Clouds vpon the graſſie Earth,
With drops of ſorrow pierce the hardeſt Stones:
while we lament our Gentle *Princes* death,
whoſe ſoule now liues in the Celeſtiall thrones.
Ope wide you portals of the chriſtall Skie,
Sende downe more ſhowers for her mortallitie.

VVhere ſhall we wofull men go borrow teares,
To teach the Brookes in ſtreaming ſhowers to weepe:
All times and ſeaſons, minutes, monthes, and yeeres,
Conſult to keepe our wiſhed ioyes aſleepe.
Thus all in vaine we dayly haue deplorde
Her loſſe of life, which cannot be reſtorde.

The cruell Deſtenies are much to blame,
To cut her thread of life ere throughly ſpunne:
Her life burnde out like to a Tapers flame:
And thus the Houre-glaſſe of our ioyes is runne,
Yea all thoſe ioyes that we had wont to haue,
Are fled to Heauen, or buried in her graue,

VVe muſe what eye there is that will not weepe,
VVhen we ſhall tell this lamentable ſtorie,
That ſhe is dead, and in the duſt doth ſleepe,
Although her ſoule is crowned with laſting glorie,
I thinke the world will be diſſolu'd to teares,
VVhen this ſad tale ſhall pierce the commons eares.

Were it not that King *IAMES* did now ſuruiue,
Our drooping ſoules with griefe would ſurely periſh:
If this, worldes mirrour onely, hee aliue
did not with virtue ſtill our comfortes nurriſh:
we ſhould go languiſh in ſome obſcure den,
From heauens faire ſight, and company of men.

We rue the loſſe of true Nobilitie,
Whilome inueſted in her noble breſt:
Wiſedome and Vertue linckt with Maieſtie,
Were all in her: yet ſhe by death ſuppreſt:
We more lament then all the world beſide,
Our deare loues loſſe, that late in England dide.

She euer ſought her Subiectes wronges to right:
She ſtill maintainde her natiue Countries lawes.
She that in trueth and iuſtice did delight,
Is now conſumde by deaths deuowring iawes.
All fleſh is frayle, and vnto duſt muſt turne:
Yet for her loſſe, all *England* needes muſt mourne.

Let all men know that ſhe deſerues more prayſe,
Then our poore ſonges are able to beſtow:
Well may we crowne her death with glorious Bayes,
For through the world her honored Fame doth blow:
Her Vertues merit *Homers* golden Pen,
To print her prayſe with teares of Gods and men.

Oh that from Heauens high throne thy ſoule might ſee,
The mournefull dayes that for thy loſſe we ſpend:
The floodes of teares that we haue ſhed for thee,
Are numberleſſe: our ſorrowes haue no end:
But all in vaine, her body lyes in Lead,
Whom ſad lamentes cannot recall from dead.

Let Schollers pennes write Volumes of our griefe,
For ſorrowes makes vs paſſionate and dombe:
Let euery Tonge tell wofull tales in briefe:
Eternall ſadneſſe to our hartes is come;
Let euery Hand acte paſſion of his minde,
And ſtill complaine the Fates are too vnkinde.

Oh wretched world where ſtill the fayreſt flowers
Are ſooneſt blaſted with the ſtormes of Death.
Oh furious Fates! Oh all you angrie Powers!
You might haue graunted her mortall breath:
  But, Ah, all heauen reioycing at her prayſe,
  For vertues ſake abridg'd her earthly dayes.

Mee thinkes I ſee all Artes and Skilles diſgraſt,
All Sciences with bitter woes oppreſt:
Fine Eloquence and Rethoricke quight defaſt:
And all the Vertues in her Royall breſt:
  The learned Tonges which ſhe was perfect in,
  Are now growne dumbe, in pennance for our ſin.

Her lookes were ſober, full of pleaſant cheare:
Her wiſedome great, with Maieſtie admierd:
From Subiectes harts ſhe won both loue and feare:
With heauenly graces was her ſoule inſpierd:
  Then *England* ſwimme in teares, thy light is loſt,
  Thy Sunne is ſet, whoſe beames did cheare thy coaſt.

Mee thinkes I ſee in mourning weedes arayde,
How Chaſtetie now ſighing ſittes alone.
Mee thinkes I ſee how Souldiers are diſmayde,
And euery States-mans hart made ſicke with moane.
Thoſe eyes that wept not many a day before,
Of teares are now conſtraind to ſhed great ſtore.

Oh that ſome heauenly Muſe would paynt her prayſe,
Whoſe breſt was tearm'd true wiſedomes ſacred ſpring,
Trueth and Religion floriſht in her dayes,
Peereles to all the worlds but to our *KING*:
Heauen loues this Countrey, and doth grace it thus,
In ſending one like *Salomon* to vs.

Yet gracious *QVEENE*, needes muſt we hold thee deare,
And euermore thinke on thy Virgin raigne:
In peace thou ruld vs foure and fourtie yeare,
Spight of proude *Rome*, and ambitious *Spaine*.
Oh Heauens! why frownd you on this ſinfull earth,
In taking from vs *Queene ELIZABETH*.

But ſince the Deſtenies haue been ſeueare
To rob the earth of her azurd delight:
There is a place in Heauen deuoyde of feare,
Then any earthly Manſion farre more bright:
Where free from harmes or any ſad anoy,
ELIZAS ſoule ſhall haue eternall ioy.

And now her ſoule infranchiſed from thrall
Of ſinfull fleſh, aſſendes the chriſtall Skie:
Where as the Trumpets of the Lord doth call
His choſen flocke to ioyes eternetie:
Let Reaſon then reforme each ſad mans Sence:
The world is woe: they happyeſt that are hence.

Mee thinkes I ſee her ſoule now freed from thrall
Of ſinfull fleſh, aſſending to the Skie:
Scorning to dwell heere in this earthly vale,
Where all men riſe to fall, and liue to die.
Therefore ſhe ſoard aboue a humaine pitch,
And with her Vertues doth all Heauen inrich.

Then ioy oh Heauens, inioy earthes Ornament,
Whoſe ſoule vp to the Cherubines is fled:
Her body to the Earth doth now relent:
Both Heauen and Earth lou'd her aliue and dead:
Her fleſh vnto the Earth reſolu'd, doth die,
Her ſoule vp to the higheſt Heauens doth flie.

Shee now amongſt the bleſſed Sainctes doth dwell,
Where Patriarkes and the Apoſtles ſit:
Which ſhall iudge the twelue Tribes of *Iſraell*,
According as to their deſartes is fit:
And there ſhee now obtaines a glorious roome,
According to the Lords moſt ſacred doome.

As heere on earth, this *QVEENE* was magnified
Aboue the common ſort in high degree,
In Heauen ſhee ſhall be much more glorified,
And ſhall inioy the full felicetie.
And all ſuch Princes as heere raigne a right,
Shall haue their place in Heauen with Angels bright.

FINIS. R. I.